

*As they are skaring, the Prince & Poyns
Prin. Your money. Set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
Poyn. Villaines. Falstaffe after a blow or two, runs away too,
cleaving the booty behind them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theeves
are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the leane earth as
he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogue roard!

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

*But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented
to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be conuented, why is he not then? in respect of the
loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
barne better then he loues our house. Let mee see some more.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger
we pluckt this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you na-
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole
plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so? I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow
cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the
Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was layd, our friend true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
rogue is this? why my L. of *Torke* commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my
father my vnckle, and my selfe, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of
Torke, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides the *Dowglas*?
haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth
of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a Pagan rascall is this and Infidell? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide my
selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim Milke
with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King,
we are prepared, I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*
How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight beene
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleeper?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,

And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,

And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,

And heard thee murmur tales of yron warres,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt

Of fallies; and retires, trenches, tents,

Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culuerin,

Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight,

Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,

And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,

And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath.

On some grett sudden haste. O what portents are these?

Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hos. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Racket gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hos. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hos. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-care, is it not?

D

Ser.